













# A preview of Dystopia

EVGENI ZAMYATIN: *My*, 223pp, 31pp, New York: Inter-Linguage Literary Associates, 53 each. *Povest i rasskazy*, 32pp, Munich: Tsentrulnoye Obshchestvo Politsicheskikh Emigrantov i S.S.R.

The number of utopian (including anti-utopian) novels is sufficiently small for them to offer a ready-made category, and this can be a critical trap. Zamyatin is an author who has suffered from the quick placings of his best-known work, *My* (1920), alongside Huxley's *Brave New World* and Orwell's *Nineteen Eighty-Four*.

The comparison with Orwell is valuable, provided one sees it as a process of diminishing levels and degrees of similarity and dissimilarity rather than as the assimilation of the two authors to one ready-made category. Indeed there is a case for saying that it is the authors themselves rather than the two anti-utopias which one should compare, since they show such remarkable similarities outside these particular works. One should ask why the two men came to choose the same form of novel rather than merely list the two novels have in common.

To start with, one must allow that any novel of the future written in the modern period will contain scientific paraphernalia, and that anything written after 1917 which shows some interest in the social organization rather than the mere scientific techniques of the future will find it difficult to ignore the aims or experience of the Russian Revolution. Thus a superficial resemblance can be expected which may or may not in particular cases be evidence of the same preoccupation.

Zamyatin was surely right when, in his excellent essay on H. G. Wells, he saw the utopian novel as a kind of fairy-tale, fantastic in arrangement but made out of the specific trees and animals and countryside of its place of origin. *My* was written in the starving Petrograd of 1920 (it was not published in Russia until 1927, when it appeared in the émigré paper, *Vozrozhdeniye*, in Prague, and it has never been published in Russia at all). It is the ideas of the time that it reflects. The material conditions were incomparably worse than those of immediate postwar England in which Orwell wrote, or indeed of wartime London which he is said to have had in mind when writing. Yet the totalitarianism which Zamyatin imagines is one of material perfection and plenty, while Orwell's is a totalitarianism of shortages, very much as can still be found in the Soviet Union.

On the other hand both authors agree very closely on the totalitarian structure. Zamyatin's Benefactor is Orwell's Big Brother; the Guardians are not too far from Orwell's Thought Police and Inner Party combined. Of course Orwell had the benefit of having read Zamyatin (in French), but he also had the benefit of having the fully developed Stalinist state before him as a model. Zamyatin was writing in 1920 on the basis of his personal fears and of the philosophic arguments advanced by some writers for total submission to a party which did not yet fully enforce that submission.

The fact is that Zamyatin was

writing on a much more philosophic plane than Orwell. His book is built from the idea of his time and place. Let us imagine, he says, an unspecified country in the far future when the promised material progress will have been achieved, when equality too will have been achieved (for there are no signs in *My* of the special privileges which Orwell's Inner Party have), above all a society in which reason and scientific method have triumphed—and what do we find? A prison, a world which, because finally ordered, is static and thus denies what Zamyatin advances as the supremely human characteristic—the urge to improve, overturn, go on and make new, a theory of permanent (or rather infinite) revolution in fact, though formulated philosophically rather than politically.

Orwell's Newspeak England is still England, still class-divided (more rigidly than ever) and deceiving, but now terrorized by a system which applies totalitarian ruthlessness to the task of holding people down. All you need, he seems to say, is a small extension of our present concentration of state power and the worship of this power by intellectuals, a slight sharpening of focus, and our present world will turn into this nightmare. The date set is near to us and the futuristic references are props placed strategically to give the illusion of the future; these Orwell was often glad to take from Zamyatin. Thus *Nineteen Eighty-Four* opens with a clock striking thirteen. A little farther into *My* a clock strikes seventeen.

Whereas for Orwell science was part of the stage machinery with the assumption made that like every

other form of free inquiry it would be smothered out by totalitarianism, for Zamyatin it is an important theme. He was an engineer and had in fact missed the February revolution through being in England supervising the construction of ice-breaking ships, some of which are said to be still in service in the Soviet Union. In the early 1920s a writer with a scientific training suffered special temptations to throw in mathematical references or indeed to write by some literary formula analogous to something in the exact sciences. These were the days in Russia when orchestras imitated the sounds of machinery, and there is no doubt that the scientific element is sometimes felt as intrusive in Zamyatin, but more in one or two of the short stories and literary essays than in *My*.

The scientific future both attracts Zamyatin—by its ordered beauty, the sun on the glass walls, the well-lit-out streets—and repels him by its deadly completeness. The space ship Integral, on which the hero of *My* is working, is described as a thing of great beauty with power to break through the capsule of our world into the unknown. But, as the name implies, it is to be used to bring life in other parts of the universe into harmony with life on this earth, whether by persuasion or by force. Glass or crystal is a dominant image, expressing the perfection, the beauty but also the artificiality, the transparency, the mineral lifelessness of the scientifically organized future.

Certainly, as the novel approaches the end it is implied that further scientific advance will be unnecessary once full rational perfection is achieved;

but there is no suggestion that science cannot advance within a closed system, which is what Orwell assumes. For Orwell only a pseudo-science can flourish under totalitarianism, and his hero goes on muttering to himself that after all two and two do make four. Against a narrow rationalism which can give scientific, but not human advance Zamyatin asserts the endlessness of science: the last number in mathematics is something that cannot be said.

Yet if the two men differ in their approach to ideas, as personality types they show remarkable similarity. In each the emotions are strong but lie deep down under a layer of inhibition. Zamyatin's nickname "the Englishman" was earned not merely because he had spent some time in England, had published translations of Wells and Sheridan, had written two satires about the English (a novel called *The Fishers of Men*, the latter included in the selected stories, *Povest i rasskazy*), but because people detected a certain formality and coldness of manner by Russian standards, at least on the surface. Neither his novels nor his stories score by their humanity; there is not the warm life which we have come to expect out of Russia. Nor was Orwell very good at showing forth the passions of human beings. In both *Nineteen Eighty-Four* and *My*, the heroes draw strength to rebel from the remnants of an older, more instinctive world, represented by an old house, a world where people loved each other for no reason except that they did, since this was what being human meant. This humanity is admired, as it were, from afar.

## An Oriental Visitor

To a bell in Lincoln Cathedral  
A butterfly out of the fens  
Of Lindsey has ascended  
Up labouring steps of air  
And there, exhausted, it sleeps  
Furiously clinging. In  
Lincolnshire are no  
Fireflies, more's the pity!

Had one of them climbed there, what  
Delirious ringing  
Over the railway yards  
And the level-crossing  
And the factories making tractors,  
And the minarets at the mid-  
Intersections! What  
Spring of a coppery rim  
To carve off episodes!

To the thunderhead it calls  
"Avant!"—the long high narrow  
Pole-pennant carried in rain-squall.

The spearman are gone. And for those  
With tufted lances, only  
The tossing pampas-grass.

The tomb of Atsumari, and  
Not one cherry-tree  
To stand against it!

When she bites at the arid  
Persimmons of Japan,  
It is that from the oldest  
Wooden building in the world  
A bell begins to clang.

Cloud-treader, breather of mist...  
A skylark goes up  
Into its element, singing.

And as for singing, the  
School of the skylark and  
The school of the frog dispute.

Meanwhile the one  
Pure ring in the world, the moon,  
And the numberless stars dispute  
The dark green of the heavens.

And the clouds pile  
White canvas southward  
From where we stand,

And the artery of the town is  
A slow-flowing stream between alders,  
Though quartering wires criss-cross it

And though the wintry river  
Receives the abandoned dog's  
Stiffening cadaver,

Moon-rise at evening; and  
An ancient plum-tree drops  
This year's first blossom on  
A foreign girl's guitar.

DONALD DAVIE

## MICHAEL GRANT THE ANCIENT MEDITERRANEAN

This region is the source of most of our civilisation and heritage; and yet hardly ever is it written about as a single unit or entity. As Dr Grant shows, such an approach will bring out truths and unfamiliar aspects which more limited accounts have not revealed. He sets out to show how each successive Mediterranean culture was actually affected and guided by the specific features of its geographical environment and examines the enormous debt owed by the Mediterranean cultures to people living further east.

32 pp. illus. 19 maps 65s. Publication 1 May

Waldenfeld & Nicolson 5 Winsley Street London W1

## Backbench Bagehot

IAN GILMOUR: *The Body Politic*, 496pp, Hutchinson, £3 10s.  
RICHARD ROSE (Editor): *Politics-Making in Britain*, 375pp, Macmillan, £3 3s. (Paperback, 25s.).

The part instinct plays in the life of the two novel is often but the part it plays in the life of the authors is remarkably different. Both men reach for some way of making the gates finally close, the instinctive world. One is backbench, the other is a backbench. In the world Classics editing a single question: how in the years around 1865-66 was the government of Britain actually governed? He looked closely and still at the constitutional and political realities which were there and started up the hunt for the myths out of the text.

Yet the strong tension which stops the flow of creative political scientists, politicians, when both men attempt pictures of ordinary humanity can be seen in their strength when it comes to writing. The emotion is not required to flow in dialogue but forced out memorably under stress of an argument. Several essays in *My* (first published in New York in 1955) establish Zamyatin as a master of the essay form. The similarities of the two men, where they occur—both the generous smile and lack of it in Dickens, both point out the markable since there is no other that Orwell ever read anything Zamyatin's except *My*.

In 1931, following his "Letter to Stalin", Zamyatin was allowed to leave the country and to live in London. He never returned to his home country and died in Paris in 1937. To anyone who now reads his essays, "Ya, Boyus" ("I, Boyus"), originally published in the *Dom i Kavkaz* in 1920, it is a little that he lasted so long. He was arrested in 1922, but was released through the intervention of fluent friends. The charges came with the tightening of the regime in 1929, it was almost certainly Ciochy who secured his escape abroad in 1931.

After his departure the Russian writer became a man who spoke of suffering, wrote in parables of fantasies, turned to poetry and to the consolation of the human relationships. Zamyatin's voice has a curious confidence, frank, even arrogant ring; his essays are critical prose at its best. Orwell called the product of his best years, therefore, Zamyatin's, a heretic (a type he greatly liked) "the salt of the earth; the life of the universe is sustained by them" (said), not only politically but humanly. But when the Russian intelligentsia achieves security and self-confidence the humanly again become the humanly. The Mihajlov found during his visit in 1964, and the new Russian edition of *My* (which follows the published in New York in 1955) find its way into the Soviet Union. It is a pity that no translation of the two English translations of *My* has been published in the United States, and that the law that Bagehot disdains stories and essays are available in English.

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locating the points of power and then making a critical assessment of the efficiency with which power is used. The last chapter he wrote became the first in the book. Where (he asks) has all the power gone? With lavish historic reference and modern instances, he examines the theory of prime ministerial power and pronounces it false. Lord Avon may have affirmed that "a Prime Minister is still nominally primus inter pares, but his authority is stronger than that". Lord Butler may have said that "there is a tendency—not exactly to dictatorship—but to be the leader who controls everything, and things are getting more and more into his own hands". Sir Alec Douglas-Home, before he became Prime Minister himself, may have glorified the Prime Minister's supremacy: "Every Cabinet Minister is in a sense the Prime Minister's agent—his assistant". Mr. Gilmour puts these subjective judgments into a perspective that better accords with history and broad contemporary tendencies.

He recognizes that Caesarism is everywhere in the ascendant, where men are free or in chains, but firmly concludes that "the writers of the prime ministerial school make the same mistake about the Premier as the Whig historians made about George III and the monarchy: they overrate his power today and understate the power he had in the past". Today the Prime Minister is much more powerful than any of his colleagues, but, then, he nearly always has been. "The primacy has always been there. But so too, in some vestigial sense, was the equality, and that too has remained, though some ministers are less equal than others."

With a profound insight, which owes much to a practising politician's apprehension that British politics work less through institutional arrangements of any kind than through the interplay of human relationships, Mr. Gilmour argues, that nowadays it is impossible to give a simple answer to the question, "Where does power lie?" or even to "What is power?" Power lies in different places at different times and in different degrees according to the circumstances and the personalities involved.

The electorate, the Parliamentary Labour Party, the Labour Party's national executive or annual conference, the House of Commons as a whole, none of these do or could govern. They are among the various levels at which those who govern must establish different degrees of consent, and so long as that consent is in a manner the Greeks would have regarded as oligarchic. The Prime Minister must carry the consent of his Cabinet; the Cabinet must be sustained by the consent of the majority in the House of Commons; that majority must hold the consent of the electorate. Granted consent, virtually no British institutions, Mr. Gilmour concludes, are able to say No to the executive.

Unlike some commentators, on the recent workings of the British political system, Mr. Gilmour, who as a backbencher feels, and applies some of the human pressures that are so important at Westminster and in Whitehall, recognizes the exceptional efforts that executives make to gain consent. By using all the sanctions of the party system, executives could get away with murder. Instead, Prime Ministers like Harold Macmillan or Harold Wilson, both strong and crafty party managers, have gone to remarkable lengths to persuade the majorities on which they depend; and when their attempts at persuasion fail they sometimes change course or timing. Prime Ministers and Cabinets are always afraid of their own strength, because its arbitrary use would be self-destructing, sooner or later.

Or, as *The Body Politic* puts it, "British government is not free of res-

personal, not public and institutional, the resultant conflicts do not give government the power and energy to do difficult and unpopular things. The concentration of constitutional power in the government does not produce political power. Public opinion comes up the backstairs and takes command.

That is well said.

And there, finds Mr. Gilmour, is the rub. Prime Ministers and the executives they choose and direct possess what parliamentary reformers hold to be an excessive totality of power, yet the history of Britain since 1918 suggests the presence of flaws in the system's operation. Governments have failed to act, or acted too late, and have been reluctant or unable to use their power. Power leaks away. Governments that could be strong are left weak.

Why? Mr. Gilmour's answer is not plausible. He reasons that the constitutional victories of the executive have been pyrrhic:

They have been won at heavy cost in political power. All free governments depend upon public opinion, and the constitutional supremacy of the executive, by cutting down public conflict and facilitating the imposition of secrecy, has deprived it of adequate means of influencing public opinion. Despite or because of the executive's constitutional victory, therefore, the two-party system and disciplined parties, general elections, the House of Commons, the Civil Service all provide as much restraint as impel to action.

Mr. Gilmour wants strong as well as stable government, and he passionately believes that it cannot be achieved until government opens up the arguments by abandoning secrecy and thereby exposes themselves to public opinion. He wants to escape from government by public relations to government by conflict.

Although the demand for strong government is the vogue with contemporary Bagehots, it is not clear what is meant. Mr. Gilmour, for instance, says no more than that the advocacy of stronger government amounts merely to a plea that decisions should be taken in time, and that governments should occasionally see what is going to happen. That sounds like a normal description of efficiency.

He mentions the lost opportunity to go into Europe as an example of indecisive government. What are the facts? Attlee and the Labour Party flinched from it. Churchill was romantically a redeemer of Europe but not a practical European. Sir Anthony Eden as Foreign Secretary and Prime Minister had no faith in it. The Foreign Office for years opposed it, and the Treasury was unconvinced. No government was ready for it until Harold Macmillan and Sir Frank Lee, a senior civil servant, came into combination. Until after the 1959 general election, executives exerted strength in resisting the European movement.

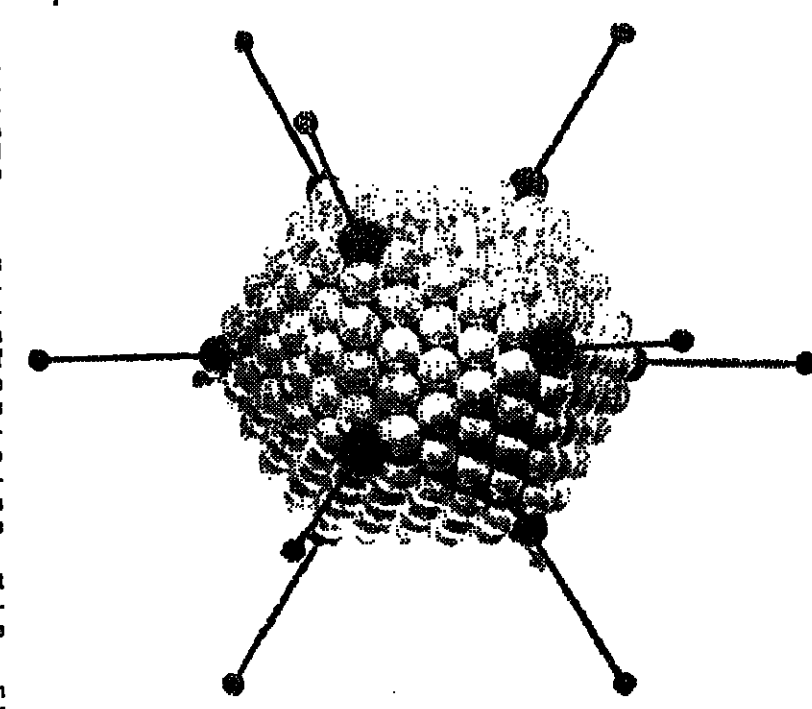
Take a domestic decision. Presumably a strong government would have plunged ahead with the plan to build London's third airport at Stansted and forestalled the public controversy that caused the decision to be reassessed. But in a free country it is not discreet, possibly obligatory, to go through the slow processes of inquiry and consultation, and through the no less slow processes of parliamentary pressure? Executives can be strong and prompt in error as well as in good policies.

Yet, Mr. Gilmour argues, there are no dangers if governments bring public business out of the secret dark into the light of day: Only if the executive abandoned the dogmas of its unity and infallibility, and the public administration were made genuinely public, could Parliament fulfil its function in the House of Commons (in the 19th century) and only by such conflict and debate could the executive make itself genuinely strong.

He sees too much agreement and compromise in British government. Absence of conflict causes governmental flabbiness.

That there is far too much secrecy in government practice is everywhere accepted. Mr. Wilson and Mr. Heath, at any rate in theory, agree. The Official Secrets Acts, which silence civil servants or put them at risk are being reviewed. The House

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# Rising politician of South Carolina

PHILIP M. HAMER (Editor): *The Papers of Henry Laurens*. Volume 1: September 11, 1746-October 31, 1755. 407pp. University of South Carolina Press, London: Trans-Atlantic Book Service, £7.

We learn in the introduction to the first volume of *The Papers of Henry Laurens* that, in a sense, it is a child of the historical interests of President Truman. For it was President Truman who celebrated the first volume of the great edition of *The Papers of Thomas Jefferson* by calling for a great extension of the publication of important personal archives. And this volume is one of the results of the speech in 1950. It is a very remarkable result. True, Henry Laurens in this volume is only a moderately interesting and not totally likeable character. His importance will become greater and greater as the series moves on till he reached his height in the great Revolutionary crisis in which his role was both very important and rather ambiguous.

Faced with the inevitable problem of dealing with the not very important beginnings of a very important politician, the editors of this series have worked wonders. British historians have long admired the very

high standards of editing of personal papers which the American historical profession has attained. They have never been more brilliantly exemplified than in this volume. There is not only the same careful handling of the text, the same careful explanation of editorial practice, and the same extremely useful and relevant annotation. The editors have used this first volume to tell us a great deal about South Carolina as well as about the rising young politician.

Some pedants may object that the editing is itself too pedantic; for example, that we do not really need several notes on the orthography of South Carolina or on its botany. But as a result of the kindness of the editors we now know a great deal more about South Carolina than we did before. Setting the scene for Henry Laurens has enabled the editors to give us a series of learned and acute notes on almost every aspect of Carolinian life. We learn of such economic experiments as the attempt to grow silk, which came to nothing, and the successful attempts to grow rice and indigo—the latter was a very great success indeed, for indigo was the great cash crop until the rise of cotton. We learn a great deal about the intermarriages and political and economic alliances of the great Huguenot

families. We learn much about the reputation of North Carolina as a kind of Alsatia in which it was impossible for South Carolinians to collect their just debts. We learn what was meant by going "up the freshes"—moving into fresh water in order to clean off the wood-borers, marine clams which greatly damaged ships.

We learn comparatively little of the external world, although in both "King George's War" and "The French and Indian War," South Carolina, though remote from the main battlefields, was affected, above all by the threats of French privateering. We learn of the shocking impact of the destruction of General Braddock's army, and we have revealing outbursts of rage against the French. Thus, Laurens wrote:

Pray God give us Success that we may reduce the pride of that haughty tyrant, the French who are the Pest of all human Society in every part of the Globe where they get the smallest footing.

We must remember that Laurens, like many other people of Huguenot descent, never forgot their feud with their wicked ancestral country that had driven out God's chosen people. The Jays in New York felt much the same.

In this world, Laurens is rising economically, socially, and politically.

## In the jungle

JOHN LANDESCO: *Organized Crime in Chicago*. Part 3 of the Illinois Crime Survey 1929. 293pp. The University of Chicago Press, £3 7s. 6d.

This reprint of a minor classic is welcome. It has the double value of providing a background to Mayor Daley's Chicago and of being a period piece. For *Organized Crime in Chicago* was published just before the great crash of 1929, before the crumbling of the topless towers of the Insull Empire had destroyed whatever faith the mass of the citizens of Chicago had in the "better elements." That eminent Cockney, Samuel Insull, may have been a more victim of ill fortune, but Cook County needed a scapegoat.

But when John Landesco was employed to write his report the picture seemed clear and almost reassuring. On one side were "the baddies," on the other the "goodies." And the baddies were mostly poor and foreign, while the Wasp in their clubs had only to get together to run the rascal out of town and into jail. It was the Chicago of *The Front Page* and of *On the Spot*.

John Landesco knew better and he knew more than he could tactfully say. A Rumanian Jew, he knew how different were the folkways, of the various ghettos, including the folkways of the correct, self-satisfied Wasp. They had to be made to see that being a gangster was a natural way of life, a natural extension of being a bootlegger. Violence was imbedded in a great deal of Chicago life, for instance, in the newspaper circulation wars. It was imbedded in politics. The great scandals of the 1920s primary were not remote, nor was the reputation of statesmen like Len Small, "the Kankakee farmer," spotless. Mayor Thompson did more than keep King George out of Chicago by threats, as Colonel McCormick kept him frustrated across Lake Michigan by the colonel's vigilance from the *Tribune* tower. So there were many things that John Landesco had to pull his punches about. He could not stress the role of zealous Republican party workers like Dion O'Bannon, the eminent florist, or the links between eminent politicians, judges, lawyers, Cardinal Mundelein, a church funeral, but the state denounced those whom the church condemned. Murder was endemic and profitable, and as a kind of protest against the pompous righteousness of the Wasp, many more humble citizens were "all for Al Capone."

For that is the representative name. Landesco showed how gangs often grew out of "play groups," the more or less harmless antics of adolescent youth easily passed into more serious sports. But as Landesco

his attitude to his rise is but an attractive. Thus, his sister's fiancé, a financially imprudent man, was her father behaved to her father.

Mr. Barrett of Wimpole Street, his daughter Elizabeth, needed, Laurens sent with the very severe sermon on the duty of a dutiful child to a tender, a palpable reference to the sister, a prodigal daughter who does not survive on husks. In fact, the Laurens was behaving as Elizabeth Barrett's brothers originally behaved to her.

Faced with this supercilious, potent and highly intelligent reviewer can say very little. He might suggest that on no "goal" should be "goal," makes more sense; and the reader will find that for all the initial references to "lines," that the eminent merchant, a Bristol who were admitted to the Society of Merchant Venturers, had to pay a "fine" were being fished in some way; but a line of context in that century was simply an entrance fee. For the second volume, we must hope and pray that the text will be as interesting and as helpful as the magnificent notations here.

a play group. The Sicilian bred in the tradition of ancient Irish, the Poles, even the Jews, no match for these products of the terranean society. But were the products of Sicily and not even the products of the Chicago of the Sinclair's *Jungle*? Mr. Denis Smith has lately told us that the Sicilians in Sicily blamed the growth of the power and ruthlessness of the Honorable Society on the return of the American, although he said that the sawn-off shotgun was a traditional weapon in the island. Landesco does not discuss the fact that the first fame of the town, the Thompson sub-machine gun, was won in Ireland where "faisait ses preuves" in the religious wars of Belfast.

John Landesco knew that Sicily or even Irish society was not a matter of the Italian Sicilians and the mainlanders alike, but rigorous family standards to determine the honour of their women was part of their society in which the folkways of all ethnic groups were needed to honour the dead. It was the funeral of the most important gunner, or their bosses, that the quarters of ecclesiastical history were concerned with. But with adequate index to *Organized Crime in Chicago*, some readers may think that the Congressman J. W. Rainey was an honorary pall bearer at the funeral of Big Jim Colosimo, was future Speaker Rainey. He was not. But two more important politicians, Mr. "Hinky Dink" Kenna and "Bathhouse John" Coughlin, were there. At the funeral of Angelo Genna (and the war against the Genna brothers was waged with a truly Sicilian ferocity), one of the state-attorneys among the official mourners was the good Roman bourgeois name of Paelloni. And it was noted that Capone was also present.

There are names of the past, the Everleigh Club, and of what was then the future, like that of the O'Hara, destined to so many years of service in Congress. It was the world on which Mr. Richard Daley was to impose order in the spirit of Mrs. Webb or John D. Rockefeller. The indifference of most Chicagoans to recent criticism of their Mayor is made explicable, if not defensible, in this fascinating document.

To mark the centenary of Adolph Stifter's death last year, Ludwig Stiehm has published *Interpretation Stifter: Studien und Interpretationen* (Heidelberg, 350pp. DM14). Among the contributors are such distinguished Germanists as Emil Staiger, Roy Pascal, J. P. Stern, Erich Blackall and Franz Muhsamer. Included is some unpublished material on Stifter's material relating to

his life of Vincenzo Bellini. It is a useful series of critical biographies which has now served several generations of readers—it is virtually the only study of the composer available in English, since the *Memorabilia* was published as long ago as 1909.

Mr. Orrey's *Bellini* provides the study of the operas we do not know as well as of those we do. He points out those elements of the operas which seem crude even before the side of Wagner and Verdi. The Italian opera of the nineteenth century, he points out, those elements of the music which had been developed along the lines of Verdi's, namely, stronger

## Adila and Jelly

MACLEOD: *The Sisters*. 320pp. Allen and Unwin, £2.

about *The Sisters of Aranyi* as also will the feelings of the age of performing the ballets of performing the ballets which knows them as those who are old to remember the d'Aranyi Laurens was behaving as Elizabeth Barrett's brothers originally behaved to her.

Yet if Mr. Macleod is fallible on music he is an excellent biographer, even to the planning of his narrative. There were three d'Aranyis born in Hungary, all three trained to music, though the middle one, Hortense Emilia, married herself out to Sir Ralph Hawtrey, the economist; grand-nieces of Joachim, Adila and Jelly became eminent English violinists and made themselves widely loved in English society by their gifts of character and personality. They died in Italy respectively in 1962 and 1966.

This composite biography is designed in four parts, the first dealing with their youth in Budapest and their settlement in England up till the end of the First World War, the second with Jelly's spectacular career, in which the curious story of the revival of Schumann's violin concerto is set out from the violinist's point of view, and an account given of the remarkable series of recitals in cathedrals which she gave for charity; the third takes up Adila's life from 1919, and tells of her home life and personal things as well as her music; the fourth is a short epilogue about their later life in Florence, and ties up some loose ends. Of these the biographer faces the question

## Melodious Methodists

ROUTLEY: *The Musical*. 272pp. Herbert Jenkins, £1 10s.

are a confusing lot, the Wesleyans for anyone who is not particularly concerned with theology or church music. John Wesley was, as everyone knows, an ordained minister of the Church of England and a somewhat fervent Methodist.

There were two Charleses and how do they come into the history? Dr. Routley's new volume in the series, *Wesley in Church Music*, is a constant reminder that they were capable of more than they actually achieved. Dr. Routley seeks the explanation of the paradox in the circumstances of their lives and in their personalities: Samuel's accident and his conversion to Rome; Sebastian's illegitimacy and his reputation "for being choleric, obstinate and difficult"; and in the conditions of church music in their respective times. He shows that John Wesley was susceptible to music but did not like anything contrapuntal, that Charles senior was a man of wide culture and Charles junior an unsuccessful musician.

## Not good sense

ORREY: *Bellini*. 176pp. 28s.

only is this life of Vincenzo Bellini—a useful series of critical biographies which has now served several generations of readers—it is virtually the only study of the composer available in English, since the *Memorabilia* was published as long ago as 1909.

naturally asked by anyone who had the smallest acquaintance with the sisters: why Jelly never married. The answer he gives is that many men fell in love with her including Ben Bartok, Donald Tovey, and Jan Masaryk, and that she fell in love with many men including probably F. S. Kelly, the Balliol warman and musician killed in the war, but the two partners to a match never coincided.

There are one or two mysteries that Mr. Macleod and his readers would like to see cleared up, but they are now beyond solution and do not greatly affect the life-like portraits he has drawn. One is the reasons for breaches with pianists who had been congenial partners with Jelly, Fanny Davies and Myra Hess. Another is the decline in Jelly's reputation in the late 1930s, for which conjectures have been offered—that she spoiled her market by her cathedral recitals, that the early excellence of her playing was matched by an early decline, that the dabblings in spiritualism, which caused her to exhumate Schumann's late violin concerto which had been deliberately buried by Clara, Joachim and Brahms, are deleterious to the mind. She was in fact always more variable than Adila and she did later tear at Ravel's *Tzigane* and make it sound rough in some performances. Adila on the other hand, though lacking nothing in temperament, had fewer ups and fewer downs, and continued to play well in her sixties. It is endlessly interesting, and quite useless, to compare their two styles, because they made a perfect match in Bach's double concerto, thus founding the elaborately traced differentiation between them.

But the best thing in *The Musical Wesley* is the discussion of hymnody. The English hymn is as distinctly English "as the English industrial town, the English parish church, the English public school and the English public house." English musical life is full of little self-contained episodes, such as the effluence of the Intenist ayre, the ballad opera, the folk-song revival. Dr. Routley, by taking a rather longer period of time than that occupied by any of these comparatively short episodes, has written a chapter about the darker period of our musical life, which is at the same time a sympathetic study of a remarkable family.

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## The making of Mr Nixon

DAVID ENGLISH and the staff of the Daily Express: *Divided They Stand*. 428pp. Michael Joseph, £2 10s.

Publication of rebuffed journalism is not usually justified, but *Divided They Stand* is something different—and much better. It is a thoughtful, well-planned survey of the recent American election, not, indeed, collected in tranquility, but combining the immediacy of good reporting, most of the straight reporting here is very good) and sensible reflections on the American crisis that the reporting reveals. And the title expresses the quite plausible theory with which the book ends: the pessimism engendered by such symptoms of national sickness as the murders of Martin Luther King and Robert Kennedy, the initiation of Soviet or Nazi brutality by the Chicago police, the comparative success of the Wallace campaign, turned out not to be totally unjustified but to have been, for the moment, excessive. And the reporting sections inspire confidence (or most of them do) that leads the reader to take the temperate optimism of the conclusion seriously.

American presidential elections, beginning with the primaries, last too long, cost too much, and leave the candidates punch drunk. This was more manifest than ever in 1968. The result, apart from the successful election of a President without the intervention of a reference of the election to that highly unsatisfactory

body (for this purpose, the House of Representatives was not itself totally satisfactory—not because there were winners or losers or that the final count showed that the election, like Waterloo, was a damned close-run thing, but because it was made evident that a majority of the American people didn't want either Mr. Nixon or Mr. Humphrey. But the young didn't "cup out" and the middle-aged didn't vote in despairing rage. And, at a point almost entirely neglected here, the results of the elections for the Senate and the House were, in most cases, reassuring. If the Senate lost Joe Clark of Pennsylvania, it hadn't to accept Max Rafferty, the "master of the sentences" from California.

And, a weakness that is perhaps built in to the reporting of so patriotic a paper as the *Daily Express*, there is a good deal of excessively optimistic comment on British political practice. The reader is not reminded, repeatedly, as he should be, that the United States has four times the population and thirty times the territory of Great Britain, or that the issues of American politics are more serious than British issues are, as the issues of a great power must be, as compared with the issues of a small country. And there are some issues that are ignored or misrepresented. The not very probative statistics proving that the supremacy of the Wasp is safe ignore the fact that in the acronym the important letters are W (white) and P (Protestant). Thus MacColl is a Wasp name, though it is hardly Anglo-Saxon.

The first-hand reporting is often very penetrating. Thus we have a moving story of how the war in Vietnam hit a working-class family in a New York suburb an Irish-German Catholic family as it happens, a mixture much more common than most English reporters usually notice. Perhaps the most brilliant reporting is that of the Chicago Democratic Convention (if more evidence of the savagery of the Chicago police is needed, here it is). But it was a more brilliant achievement to make the story of the Republican Miami Beach convention funny, illuminating and almost a cliff-hanger, although it is impossible to believe that so sophisticated a team really believed that Reagan or Rocky could stop Nixon. Then there is a refreshing absence of that irritating English habit of knowing too much too soon. So the reader is forced to do a double-take more than once as reporters really report how candid, original, non-cliché-ridden Americans often are in conversation. Sometimes the background is inadequately sketched in. Most readers will not know that a great part of the population of New Hampshire where Gene McCarthy toppled L.B.J. is Canadian in origin and they would be well advised to disregard the information that "the Granite State" is like old Hampshire.

Sometimes the background of a state is inadequately painted in. Indiana is not only the pleasant pastoral state of the once-famous landscape school. Its northern towns were supposed to be the main basis of the threat of the "white backlash", and Gary is, by many connoisseurs, thought to be the most repulsive town in the United States, although some conservatives still defend the claims of East St. Louis (Illinois). There is no mention of the change from the Nebraska of George Norris to the Nebraska of Roman Hruska, a change that made it the only state in the Midwest that Democratic experts feared, in 1964, might go for Barry Goldwater. And one of the contributors has been brainwashed, for he repeatedly writes "gotten" for "got".

Yet all in all, *Divided They Stand* is a brilliant piece of reporting, a must for people who want to know more about the present and to be able to make an "educated guess" about the future of the United States. Intelligent historians will come back to it when the dust, tear-gas, and Mace have cleared away and a "more perfect union" is visible. And if that happy consummation does not arrive, this book will still be one of the sources for the reason why.

## Party piece

HARRIET COHEN: *A Bundle of Time*. 330pp. Faber and Faber, £4 4s.

*De mortuis nil nisi bonum*, and especially if the dead writer observed the injunction *de vivis*. But it is not possible to be wholehearted in praise of these memoirs of a life richly lived, for in them the currency of praise and of the language of friendship is depreciated. Candour is surely permissible in autobiography, but equally manners demand a measure of modesty. The procession of celebrities through these pages, royalty, prime ministers, authors, composers, conductors, anyone who is anybody, is so congested that sometimes it has become obscure by the end of the paragraph whose party it is that we have been vicariously attending. Yet Miss Cohen's recollections will stir her readers' memories of the years between the wars.

Harriet Cohen was a pianist who by intelligence compensated for the technical limitations imposed on her playing by her small hands. She played Bach well but was otherwise unconventional in her choice of programmes, in which she brought forward works by her contemporaries and the virtualists. Her appearance was striking—a photograph reproduced in *A Bundle of Time* shows a real beauty—and she had a chaste-seeming sexuality that appealed to elderly men, as countless letters and episodes have narrated testify; these sentimental friendships with the eminent were fortified by her alert mind, though some of the letters are embarrassing when thrust into the public eye. Yet permission has been given to reproduce them and there they are to testify to the actuality of what might otherwise seem to be something seen through the golden haze of retrospection.

She had her share of troubles, but except for the bombing of her home and the threat of tuberculosis, she does not let them figure prominently in her narrative. Perhaps had she done so the golden haze would not have been quite so thick. We do however get an occasional musical insight and one document quoted in full—a letter from Dorothy Thompson, the American journalist, on the state of Germany at the beginning of the Nazi regime—makes the blood run colder now than it did at a time when the facts it relates were hardly credited in this country.

## By way of pop

KHITI SWANWICK: *Popular Music and the Teacher*. 140pp. Pergamon Press, 15s.

This little book resolutely and skillfully tackles a big educational problem: the recent solidification of adolescents into a separate class of society—brought about in part by mass communications and in part by economic factors—which has added a new problem to the teacher's task, especially the music teacher's. Mr. Swanwick is quite clear on his values, but is convinced that the old attitude of excommunicating what used to be called popular music in the bad sense—bad art, that is, the sentimental, the cheap, the vulgar—will not do, that it will alienate the pupil, that it will actively obstruct the appreciation of the good.

He tackles his problem both from the philosophical and the practical viewpoint. The reader who is not a teacher is confronted by the extraordinary experience of beginning with an aesthetic discussion of the nature of music quoting Suzanne Langer and Carl Seashore and pro-

ceeding with some musical history, quoting Marius Schneider and Paul Lang, to the quotation and discussion of specific examples of pop music, taking in on the way some sociology and psychology. The same reader may be surprised to learn that children do not like jazz, but that they can discriminate in the fields both of pop and classical music, once allowance is made for the pressure of fashion.

Mr. Swanwick while advocating the use of pop for teaching, discriminates against the corruption of it by commercial pressures. He shows quite rightly that there has always been "low" music of pure entertainment value and "high" music that gives less ephemeral satisfactions, but argues, again rightly, that the division is more acute today than ever before—not only because of the alienation of the adolescent but also because of the tendency of modern serious music to leave its own adult audience out of its calculations. His analyses of the situation and of the music are acute and his approach to practical solutions of the present difficulties is sane.

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## Confidence

When Lord Campbell began publishing his biographies of deceased Chancellors and Chief Justices, a senior occupant of the Bench observed that "a new horror had been added to death". And there is, it must be admitted, something disagreeable about the idea of the potential biographer, in the capacity of a friend, memorizing the old gentleman's talk, marking his oddities and weaknesses: all for the sake of glory reflected from a sun that is about to set. "The game is up," Hudson has told all, ran the decoded telegram in the *Sherlock Holmes* story, and its recipient went down like a pole-axed ox.

There have been two recent cases in which the ethical problems of biography have come forcibly to the surface of discussion—Lord Moran's *Winston Churchill: the Struggle for Survival*, and Mr. William Manchester's account of the death of President Kennedy. The central issues have still more recently engaged the attention of Professor J. I. Clifford in an essay entitled "How Much Should a Biographer Tell?" in *Studies in Eighteenth-Century Biography* edited by Philip B.

Dagblan. 12pp. Indiana University Press (American University Publishers Group, £2 14s. net), and of Professor Douglas Hubble in his *Oster lecture*, delivered last summer to the Faculty of the History of Medicine and Pharmacy (published in *Medical History*, Vol. XIII, No. 1). In both cases the discussion is set in the context of Samuel Johnson, who was at the same time a thinker on the problems of biography and one of the first subjects of the kind of modern biography which scandalizes by its authenticity. And yet, as he said himself, "it is not improper to take honest advantage of prejudice, and to gain attention by a celebrated name".

Professor Clifford is inclined to solve the ethical problem robustly by pointing to "the harder way" as the right course for the biographer: "He will have the displeasure of his own day and live in hopes of eventual recognition". Professor Hubble does not express a preference as such, but his analysis of Moran's motives and character points in the same direction. "Moran", he says, "intent only on his great achievement, had considered these objections [on grounds of confidence] to publication, but . . . had set them aside". The interesting feature of both these observations is that the interest of the biographer—in one styled "recognition" and in the other "achievement"—is treated as uppermost. But are there any other people who, feelings apart, have rights (of an ethical, not a legal kind) in this matter?

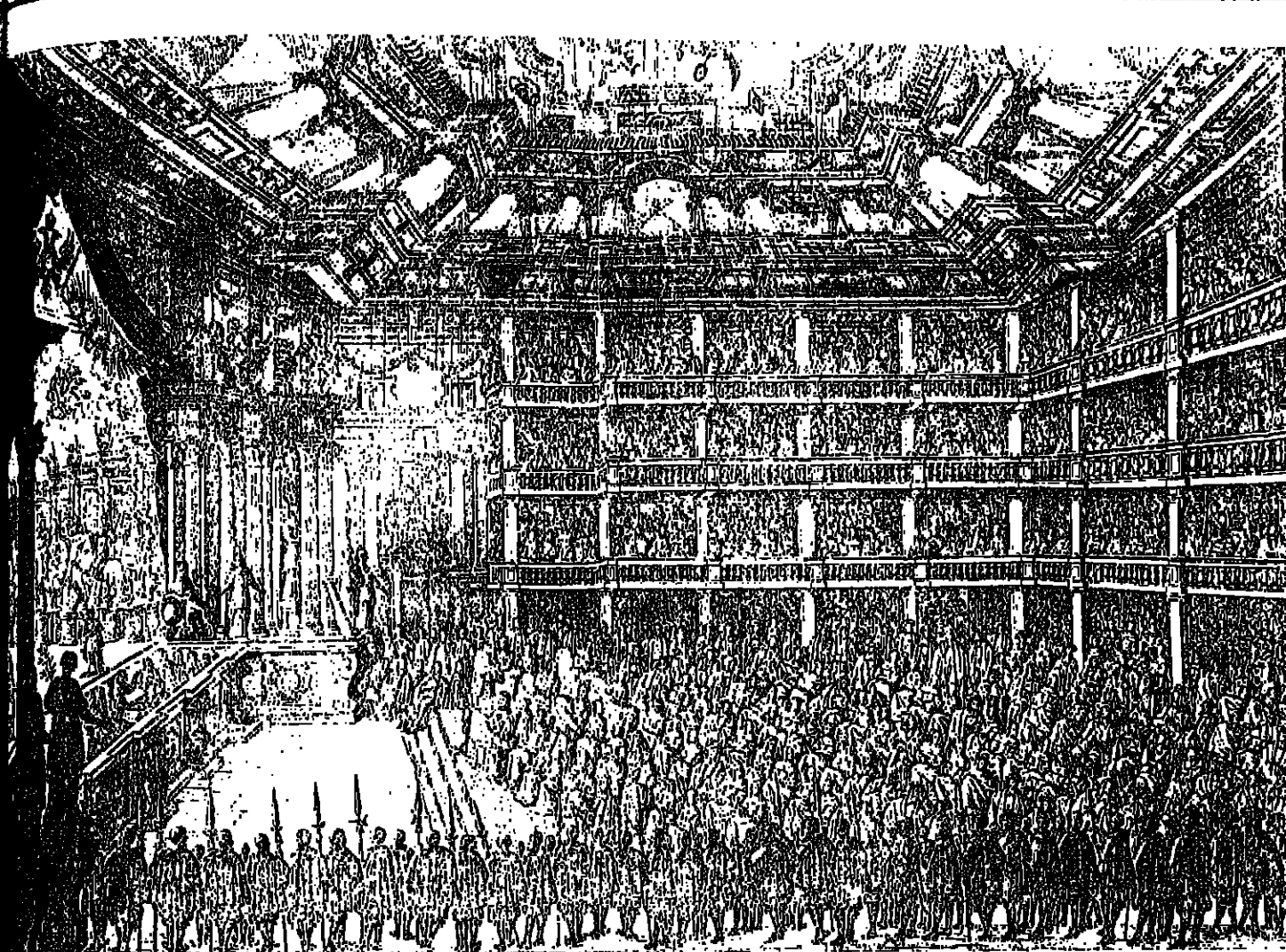
It is certainly not the case—confidence being a two-sided thing—that every seal of confidence placed by a man during his lifetime expires with his death. Many undoubtedly do, including most of those he, like all

of us, has imposed solely in his own interest and for the sake of his own good name. But some seals are not set entirely for these reasons. They may have been imposed, wholly or mainly, for the benefit of others: for example, a decision not to tell a son the true particulars of his birth. In such cases, while it might be for others, it is hardly for the biographer to question the dead man's judgment and expose the secret. The important thing is that each life is part of a tissue of confidences which extend to many lives, and it is only when all those lives have ceased that some degree of ethical obligation to maintain the confidence finally vanishes. The biographer has at any rate an obligation to consider the motives which caused his subject to keep something quiet, and to give some measure of respect to those motives which regard others.

But if the doctrine is pushed to extremities there would be grave losses to literature and to the enrichment derived by society from knowing what its great men were like. If John Morley and Moneybags and Buckle are allowed to hold the fort until Sir Philip Magnus and Mr. Robert Blake flourish two or three generations later, conclusive work in biography must necessarily be done by those who depend on documentary evidence only. However much one may deplore the mental note-taker's attitude to the society in which he lives, the best biographers are those who have known their man in life. It is because of their intimacy, and because of their own desire for "recognition" and "achievement" in the person of their heroes, that the Boswells and Morans succeed in making those heroes live again. As Johnson himself said, "the incidents which give excellency to biography are of

a volatile and evanescent kind, as soon escape the memory, and are rarely transmitted by tradition. The matter can, perhaps, be solved on these lines. Dismiss in an intending biographer during his subject's lifetime all unattractive and possibly scandalous in the sense that a would feel ashamed if he were engaged while actually engaged in it. But it is probably the only way in which to obtain the living about a great man. A quite new set of problems arises when the biographer is called upon to decide whether to include particular information which would have been disclosed during the subject's lifetime. Here (leaving strictly legal considerations) it is reasonable to consider the subject's own motive for confidence, and how far that confidentiality meant to protect the feelings or interests of survivors. Equally, it is an unethical biographer who allows himself to be the posthumous vindictiveness and half a crown in Johnson's web fire the blunderbuss which the man loaded.

This is perhaps only to say that Johnson said that each man should be judged on his merits. We are among the merits will, of course, the fame, and the kind of fame enjoyed by the subject of the biography. A public man cannot expect minute scrutiny, either in life or death, and the more public a career has been, the more entitled the biographer to describe, and out, the whole man. But no degree of fame entitles the biographer to disregard confidentiality, because confidentiality makes a life possible.



Conclusion of a performance of *Il pinto d'oro* by the composer Francesco Saverio in the Hofburg in 1668.

# FROM SCHRAMMELMUSIK TO SERIAL MUSIC

LOOK CAMBRIDGE: Vienna: Its Musical Heritage. 262pp. Pennsylvania State University Press. (American Universities Publishers Group.) £4 1s.

Vienna was a gay city. In fact, it was not. One need not subscribe to the racial theories of Gobineau and Houston Stewart Chamberlain to perceive that Vienna was a melting-pot in which the elements fused uneasily together. Italian and Bohemian, Hungarian and German, Slovak and Croat and Slovene not to speak of the occasional Irish or Spanish adventurer rewarded with a *Gräfin*—might assert "civilis Vindobonensis sum", but the city remained both incoherent and melancholy. It was soaked in an obstinate triviality, with none of the applied purpose or sustained mode of life which gave a recognizable character to Paris, Rome or London. The Vienna of Schütz and Hofmannsthal—the Vienna that is, which gave a tone of gaiety to a hundred musical comedies—was never itself gay, except in the sense of whistling to keep up a failing courage. The Viennese, moreover, were treacherous. True Germans from the North might be harsh and rude, but at least you knew where you were with them. The beautiful (in part), sad, windy city on the Danube almost always let down the trusting, so that when his time came Hitler seemed, in essence, an Austrian raised to the power of madness. And if the Vienna of the 1910s was a haunted city under its gaieties in *drei Viertel* *takt*, so much the more haunted was the earlier Vienna which still remembered the menace of the Turks and the French under Napoleon, of the mob in 1848, and the centrifugal strains of a dissolving empire from Königsgrätz on.

Furthermore, the Viennese were stupid; stupid in the way that the upper-class English were stupid in Edwardian times. They were not uncultivated or inarticulate; they maintained, however, a solid front of stupidity beneath the surface polish. In musical matters, they would perfectly have understood the ladies of 1900 or so, who spent hours singing glees round the piano, rendering "The Minstrel Boy" and "O, who will o'er the downs go free" with feeling, but totally unaware of music as

"seconds" and descant, as well as distrustful of anything difficult or new.

Whatever their response to the Schrammel music of fiddle, bass, clarinet and accordion, beloved by the Emperor Francis Joseph, the Viennese consistently rejected the best music of the day. They lagged far behind the citizens of Prague in their welcome to Mozart. Not until he had been a success in London did Haydn catch the fancy of the Viennese in old age. Beethoven's *Fidelio* was withdrawn after three performances, and Viennese critics found the Eroica "wearisome, interminable, ill-knit". Schubert made no mark on the city until the last months of his life. Chopin was driven away in Paris; the Schumanns passed unheeded; Bruckner and Hugo Wolf likewise. Brahms, it is true, was accepted. But the receptivity of the Viennese stuck at that point. Schönberg was encouraged only to orchestrate page after page of other men's light music. By the 1920s, certainly, Vienna had taken the music of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries to its heart. It even encouraged such rarities as a production of Wolf's ravishing, if untageworthy opera, *Der Corregidor*, at the Staatsoper. But it continued in its only tradition by resolutely turning away from contemporary music, unless some element of chic were attached to it, as with Klenk's *Jonny spielt auf*. Modern music was represented, if memory serves, chiefly by occasional performances of Debussy's *La Mer*, then a generation old.

It was on a much lower level that Viennese music came into its very own, the level of the waltz. Mr. Gartenberg devotes three chapters to the matter. It began as a test of physical energy. At the Mondsee-hall—one of the more famous dance halls at the beginning of the nineteenth century—it was the fashion for young men to whirl their partners as fast as possible, with a jumping step from one end of the hall to the other. The circuit had to be made six or

other couples, and the sliding motion we know today was only introduced when deaths by apoplexy became too frequent. During the Lenten season of 1832 alone, we are told, Vienna recorded 772 balls, attended by 200,000 people. At the end of the eighteenth century the total population of Vienna was no more than a quarter of a million, and the advisability of taking exercise on the dance-floor or elsewhere is stressed by some statistics quoted by Mr. Gartenberg: that the annual consumption of the burghers reached 454,063 barrels of Austrian wine and 382,578 barrels of beer. "This washed down equally huge amounts of *Schnitzel* and *Buckhendl* and mountains of rich baked foods, and was finished off with impressive quantities of coffee topped with whipped cream."

The great days of the waltz were ushered in by Josef Lanner, but it was Lanner's friend, the elder Johann Strauss, who developed it to the point of mania in the 1830s. At the time of Queen Victoria's coronation, Strauss took his orchestra to London, and in the process of sweeping England off its feet gave as many as three concerts a day. The success of Strauss as a popular musician was fatal to his private life and ultimately to his happiness. He had, however, by his first marriage three sons, the younger Johann, whom he destined in vain for a banking career. Eduard, and Josef. Between them they carried the triumphs of a waltz dynasty down to the closing years of the century.

As his book progresses, Mr. Gartenberg skimps a little. He has nothing to say about those minor composers whose conservatism nevertheless masks a real talent which deserves to be reappraised: Franz Schmidt, in particular, Josef Marx and Ferdinand Loewe. And he passes over almost in silence the effort which has been made since 1945 by such enterprising artists as Elisabeth Höngen to bring Vienna into contact with music dismissed by the Nazis as "Kultur-Bolschewismus". He has, however, a lively chapter on Schönberg.

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Nor is the Arts Council of Great Britain the only source of charity for needy men of letters. A list of Awards to Writers has just been issued by Cyngor Celfyddydau Cymru (i.e. the Welsh Arts Council) and it comprises not only Bursaries but also Honours and Prizes. The Honours are bestowed on Waldo Williams and David Jones (each); the prizes (of £250 each) go to Gwilym R. Jones, Pennar Davies, Raymond Garlick and Glyn Jones. And the bursaries, described in the handbook as "writers who wish to be released from their employment in order to undertake specific literary projects", are as follows: Cathrin Daniel; "to write an interpretative biography of her late husband, Professor J. E. Daniel, in Welsh" (£350); Harri Pritchard Jones; "travel bursary to enable him to visit locations in Ireland and to complete a novel, in Welsh, set in Dublin" (£75); Keidrych Rhys; "to write his

memoirs of the literary and artistic scene in Wales since 1938, in English" (£500); Roland Mathias; "to write a topographical book about Wales, a play, a collection of critical essays and a new volume of verse while working for two years as a full-time writer in English".

We have been sent a cutting from the *New York Times* of March 26 which is not without its relevance to the experiences recently reported in these columns by Sir Geoffrey Keynes and Professor Norman Davis, and again commented on this week by the Secretary of the (British) Publishers Association. It seems that the first fifty years' volumes of *Crisis*, or *The Crisis*, a monthly periodical published by the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, are to be republished by Arno Press, Inc., of New York. This firm, which is described as "a publishing and library service of the New York Times", has signed a royalty agreement with the N.A.A.C.P., and will publish the fifty volumes in September at a total price of \$1,450. Meanwhile another firm, called Negro Universities Press, is to publish facsimiles of the first thirty

volumes, which are in the public domain. To quote the report:

Harold Schwartz, president of Negro Universities Press, a Manhattan organization, said yesterday he had numerous offers to sign a contract with the N.A.A.C.P., "but there has been no response."

Mr. Schwartz said that his firm would be published in "two or three weeks" and sell for \$1,950. This is more than the Arno series, though the latter includes all editions to 1900.

What is not clear is whether, in accordance with what he told us in the "consent policy" of his firm, the Greenwood Press, Mr. Schwartz is going to pay royalties to the series. It will, however, be interesting to see if it finds a market. Failure to do so satisfactorily would show his like-mindedness as well as ethical arguments for bringing some order into the reprinting

of his *Musical Heritage* is a piece of musicology. It is the history of music in Vienna for the centuries, setting it in the background of history and the audience for whom it is written. The musician will find it the historian, insufficient: it will flinch from a man's ranting too racy. "Unfortunates, Beethoven's humor is a one-way street." While all refused, to the howling of the Viennese, to be led up the hill, he readily succumbed to "Forest Murmurs". Signs as these are not coming to the sensitive.

Schönberg is much at his best in the chapters. It was the elder Ferdinand II who launched his private orchestra, bringing his private orchestra when he came to Vienna at the prelude to the Italian opera. It was the fashion only, but the Italian influence, helped by many marriages into Italy and a full century. The Leopold's daughters danced in a public place, while the emperor himself composed operas. The VI, father of Maria-Theresa, followed suit. It was the day who followed Prince Esterházy into his house. Beethoven could declare that "the music in a glass ball" so that the unworthy nor their breath "the music in a glass ball" so that the unworthy nor their breath "the music in a glass ball" so that the unworthy nor their breath

of the later enchainment of Lanner, and the Strauss







# Numerology

J. M. PULLAN: *The History of the Abacus*. 127pp. Hutchinson. 35s.

On October 16, 1834, a large number of tally sticks used in conjunction with the old Exchequer Table, was ordered to be burned. The fire got out of control, and most of the old Palace of Westminster went up in smoke. There must have been many who thought that this was God's judgment on those who wished to do away with reckoning on a counting board; and before passing an opinion on such conservatism, it is as well to realize that Japanese experts on the abacus have on more than one occasion beaten experts on electric calculating machines in competition, and that indeed the bead-frame style of abacus is in regular use today in almost every country from Poland to Japan, and in a great many others besides, not all of which have an adverse balance of trade. When properly learnt, this method of performing all the operations of ordinary arithmetic is fast and accurate; but this is not alone a sufficient reason for bringing back the abacus, which surely disappeared because it was less easily portable than pencil and paper, and because it left no permanent record of the working against which a check could be made.

Mr. Pullan's short history of the abacus includes, nevertheless, a plea for its reintroduction into schools, and up to a point it is easy to agree with him. The abacus is a far better introduction to the place-value notation on which common arithmetic is based than are some of the rather ridiculous visual aids with which educators have so effectively confused many of the present generation of children. (Needless to say, the abacus which incorporates units of five, fifty, and so on, offers its own dangers.) But beyond the junior school there is very little to be said—and Mr. Pullan tells us, from saying it—for the return in the ways of our ancestors. His book, he it noted, includes very little which will satisfy those who are looking for a manual of the abacus. First and foremost it is a history.

Whatever else Mr. Pullan achieves, he does contrive to convince the reader that the subject is not so dry as it might appear at first sight. The history of numeration is, after all, intrinsically as interesting as that of the written alphabet. Then again, the history of the counting house, at a national as well as a private level, is a subject which can be amply justified merely by mentioning the names of R. L. Poole and F. P. Barnard. Even the counters (jettons) which were used on the counting board

have their interest, and the well-illustrated chapter dealing with them will enable many a reader to distinguish more carefully in future between jettons, trade tokens, and coins of the realm.

It is regrettable that, including as it does so much good illustrative material, *The History of the Abacus* is not a better book. It is carelessly assembled and badly edited. The text is repetitive, and there are whole passages which appear no more than several times. There are errors in the diagrams, and in the Latin and Greek, not to mention the somewhat naïve philological excursions. The bibliographical notes are faulty and incomplete, and the spelling adopted for some of the proper names is idiosyncratic, to say the least. (Gerbert of Aurillac becomes Gebert, for instance; he is, incidentally, said to have been the author of the first recorded "arabic" i.e., Hindu-numerals in Europe, whereas G. F. Hill, who is cited in the bibliography, records an instance from Spain, dated A.D. 976.)

Most unfortunate of all is Mr. Pullan's failure to relate the conventions of the abacus to those of the number system and arithmetical techniques current at the time. He is not unconscious of the need to do so, and yet his distinction between numeral and number sets the pace in a very superficial way. His inadequate and misleading treatment of cuneiform numeration, on which subject several excellent accounts are available, is followed by a statement that a base of ten has been used almost universally from the earliest times! "Nothing is known of the way in which the [Babylonian] calculations were made" is a statement which must come as something of a surprise to the many who have read the works of Neugebauer and Van der Waerden.

Later in the book much might have been said of the complicated finger symbolism used for counting, from antiquity up to recent times, and which was probably much used in conjunction with the abacus, and also with the "dot diagrams" found at the bottom of so many Exchequer books and similar accounts. And what of board games? That there is a connexion is known, but should not a work on the abacus attempt to elucidate it? Did not the word "seccarium" mean, in the middle ages, both "chess board" and "exchequer"? And so one could go on. What of, for instance, the development of the somewhat involved conventions for cutting tally sticks? There are still a few left, in spite of the fire of 1834.

# Ornithology

DAVID ARMITAGE BANNERMAN and W. MARY BANNERMAN: *History of the Birds of the Cape Verde Islands*. 458pp. Oliver and Boyd. 56s.

The archipelago known as the Cape Verde Islands, nearly 300 miles off West Africa, was discovered in the middle of the fifteenth century and soon thereafter colonized by the Portuguese; the present inhabitants are mostly Creoles. There is no local background of scientific knowledge concerning the natural history of the islands, and what has been learnt about this and of the birds in particular is the result of visits made specially for the purpose. The earlier scientific visitors of various nationalities included Charles Darwin in 1832, the islands being the first point of call by H.M.S. Beagle on its voyage round the world. In recent years ornithological visits have been paid by W. R. P. Bourne in 1951, by the indefatigable Abbé René de Nourris on several occasions, and by Dr. and Mrs. Bannerman in 1966.

*History of the Birds of the Cape Verde Islands* draws on all the sources of information, enlightened by the first-hand knowledge gained during a stay of two months. Only three of the fifteen islands and islets could be visited, because the inter-island steamer had been totally wrecked shortly before the authors arrived. Even so, the journeys that were made, and time spent in pri-

tive places, involved severe discomforts: the whole trip was adventurous for a man in his eightieth year with his wife.

The book is basically a systematic account of the native and migratory birds, with some description of their environment; but it is much more than that. It includes contributions from several hands, dealing with the geography of the archipelago, its vegetation and its butterflies—these last contrasting with the birds in being mainly derived from the African tropics instead of mainly from Europe and North Africa. The authors themselves have much to say about the human inhabitants and their conditions of life. There is, too, a strong personal element; and Dr. Bannerman's account of their journeys among the islands is supplemented by extracts from Mrs. Bannerman's diary. There are excellent colour plates of birds by D. M. Reid-Henry and P. A. Clancey, and colour and black-and-white photographs of the environment. Incidentally, it is interesting to compare Reid-Henry's picture of the insular subspecies of the Grey-headed Kingfisher with that made by the German artist Forster, when Captain Cook's expedition called at the islands in 1772; but that visit is not mentioned in the book.

The scattered islands are of volcanic origin and mountainous; the climate is temperate but arid. As dis-

# Crypto-zoology

BERNARD HEUVELMANS: *In the Wake of the Sea-Serpents*. Translated by Richard Garnett. 645pp. Rupert Hart-Davis. £4 4s.

The publishers say that *In the Wake of the Sea-Serpents* is the first comprehensive account of sea-monsters to be written by a competent zoologist in seventy-five years. This may be simple pride in the lively monster of a book they are at last announcing, or the quiet acceptance of a desperate conclusion, that the oceans are too oceanic to lay bare their leviathans to the curiosity of man. Dr. Heuvelmans and his colleagues may come and go, but this ancient controversy is likely to surge on and on beyond their best endeavours. Such a conclusion is at least one effect of immersion in Dr. Heuvelmans's 645 pages; if he cannot show us exactly what is biting our imaginations and inflaming our prejudices, nobody can. He says, what we can readily believe, that it took him ten years' hard work to produce this book. It might have been a monstrously dull work, but wit and scholarship, strictness of method and range or research, sense of fairness and sense of fun, make it a continuously engaging one.

Apotrophizing the incredulous reader, he faces him with a basic question: "Are there or are there not in the sea one or more species of giant animals, elongated in shape and still unknown to science?" Each sighting—and there is a total of some 600 in the 300 years of his global survey between about 1650 and the present time—involves two interacting factors, the identity of the monster, and the capacity of its observer to observe. Each of his monstrous engagements is treated as a Sherlock Holmes case, a simple device which adds the spice of detection to what would otherwise have been a tedious muddle of opposing views. Zoology is the scientific foundation of this heavy labour; out of its union with psychology the art of crypto-zoology is born. This art is not an easy one. Yes-men and no-men succeed each other in the majority as the epochs of his three centuries go by. There is little correlation between yes and no on the one hand and zoologists and the rest on the other; and though he arms himself ruthlessly against the hoax and the dud observation he seems almost beaten at the half-way mark.

The problem seems to get more and more confused as more and more different types of monster appear, until at last, there are only about forty species of breeding birds, of which two are peculiar to the archipelago and the Raza lark must be one of the rarest birds in the world. Many of the species that have evolved in the conditions of geographical isolation. Seabirds are naturally a dominant element; and the islands are the nearest to Europe where one may find nesting colonies of those superb fliers of tropical oceans—the parasitic mangle-war birds (frigate-birds) and the graceful bo'sun birds (tropic-birds) and their long tail-streamers. Gulls, too, are cosmopolitan as a family; this may be because deep water inshore is unsuited for their fishing habits, but other explanations have been suggested.

The volume crowns a remarkable achievement, being Dr. Bannerman's twenty-seventh major contribution to ornithological knowledge in book form; in a few instances, as here, Mrs. Bannerman has been co-author. All have been written with scholarship and distinction; and all of them have been handsomely produced by the same house. This is also the fourth and final volume of a series on "Birds of the Atlantic Islands" which supplements Dr. Bannerman's publications, in books and journals, European, North African and West African birds.

times, one can almost bear it no longer. I have often felt, during the last seven years, that it was beyond my powers to solve and that I should have to confess myself beaten. But all will become clear in the end, provided we draw no more than the most general conclusions at the moment.

But a few pages later he is at the top of his form in the most hilarious of his episodes, when he deals with a Miss Lovell and what she said she saw when she almost rubbed shoulders with the incredible moha-moha on the coast of Queensland in 1891. The coup de grace is ingalling but richly effective.

I find it hard to believe that Miss Lovell was not a dotty old maid who had picked up, but not digested, a smattering of paleontology and Brahmin legend. I sit *Chelodactylus lovelli*.

He is full of confidence when he begins at last to sort out his haul and issue certificates of entry to his vast chamber of horrors:

Well, there you are! You have now seen the whole of the sea-serpent's dossier, and know more about the subject than anyone has done before.

He reduces his total of 587 alleged sightings to 358 by throwing out the hoaxes and the duds, and arrives at a minimum of 174 by discarding those for which the evidence though trustworthy is incomplete. This leaves him with nine distinct types of giant animal, elongated in shape and unknown to science, all veridical, which he proceeds, horrifically, to name, sketch and describe. All save one, the merhorse of figure 132 which

# Oceanology

DAVID B. ERICSON and GOESTA WOLLIN: *The Ever-Changing Sea*. 354pp. Macmillan and Kee. £3 3s.

NORMAN CARLISLE: *Riches of the Sea*. 128pp. Phoenix House. 30s.

The Heavens seem unquestionably more inspiring than the Depths, so subtly have ancient religious attitudes preconditioned our modern thought patterns. And yet the truth is that the astronomer encounters nothing but a dwindling density of atoms, whereas the diver is rewarded with vast marine canyons, whole mountain ranges, strange volcanic shapes, and even stranger abyssal creatures—surely the stuff of exploration. A landing on the moon will redress the balance, but underwater exploration is certainly not standing still and the depths are no longer the impenetrable mystery of twenty years ago. In 1960 Piccard and Walsh descended in their bathyscaphe to the deepest spot in the world's oceans, the bottom of the Marianas Trench. There, they observed a flatfish swimming unconcernedly some 35,800 feet below the surface. The spout race is a bare ten years old, but the race to the bottom (even linguistically the phrase lacks glamour) really began in 1934 when Beebe and Barton sank to 3,000 feet, a realm never before penetrated by man. By 1948 Barton had reached 4,500 feet, to be put in the shade by the Piccards' bathyscaphe which achieved no less than 13,284 feet off West Africa. In the past ten years a whole new family of underwater vehicles has come off the drawing boards, and the next ten years will see a revolution in our concepts of the oceans.

In *The Ever-Changing Sea*, David Ericson and Goesta Wollin summarize the older concepts and show how the results of dives and soundings are already suggesting quite a new picture of the oceans. They fill the with turbidly currents, great torrents of suspended matter that pour down under steep slopes at speeds of up to six miles an hour. The dating of man's antiquity, receives a new geological whose depositional layers are intact and not intermittently erased by glacial erosion. Piston corers, seismic refraction surveys, deep drilling techniques and a host of refinements to past methods have been deployed in the study of the

oceans. It is not to be wondered at, therefore, that the oceans are zoologically credible.

This is enough to be going on with, and much more than could be expected before this time. All the same it is hard to sympathize with the cry of the editor of the *Natural History Magazine*: "Bring me a scale or a fossil, or some evidence of him, or try to say what he is and what is possible or not." Dr. Heuvelmans anticipates this commoner dissent by throwing in a long on the history of the geyser which has turned out to be a thoroughly tangible monster, a nearly incredible one; and animals so rare as to be nonexistent are safely included in zoological establishments.

He remains very odd that he is to say about his sizable strappings and captures. His story is a very queer as well as spine-chilling lot.

They show themselves on an average about twice a year, go unobtrusively, purposefully, and unobtrusively about where they have; and they are nevering enough to offer themselves to end as well-presented cases. Dr. Heuvelmans is a trouble maker in his eyes to the sea, surely the most significant and interesting of all the developments of the sea, which Mr. Richard Garnett had great fun in translating from the French; he has have been something of a book to the author.

and age. Formerly, the ocean was regarded as essentially unchangeable almost since the beginning of time, while the continents have sunk in isostatic harmony. Now, most active change and renewal are seen to lie with the oceans; the continents by contrast being relatively stable components of earth's crust.

In 1965 the Royal Astronomical Society awarded its gold medal to Maurice Ewing, the Director of Lamont Geological Observatory, in whose province the oceanography of the sea is his "intentional" enthusiasm. Mr. Ericson and Mr. Wollin, both of whom are associated with Lamont, are clearly buoyed with an abundance of enthusiasm. Together with their practical experience in marine biology, this not only gives the oceanography of the sea a new feeling of participation in the oceanography of the sea, but also book to a high level in popular scientific writing. In this respect, the weak chapter is that dealing with the depths, which reads like a competent compilation; no doubt would have allowed the *Colgate* Figure 48 to appear upside down. As a whole, however, the book is thoroughly absorbing and well worth a place beside *The Sea Around Us* in the modern classics of the sciences.

Compilations have their uses. *Riches of the Sea*, a nineteenth-century "Progress of Science" should appeal to sixth form and those who want a quick if not a reference to many aspects of oceanography in the service of its genuine effort to stimulate interest in the sixth-former the skates dangerously near to the bottom of the ocean. Nevertheless, the book provides a very complete picture of the present-day technology in the exploitation of the oceans. After an excellent review of probing the oceans, and other resources of the sea, the book is divided into three follow chapters on mineral and other resources of the sea, but which are, at least mainly, with the wealth of the sea. The reader is left with the impression that his children, or perhaps his children, after suitable modifications, will breathe the sea and not a gas, following the prediction of the development of the

# Muslim societies

GREGORY WATT: *What is Islam?* 280pp. Longmans. £2 2s.

It is difficult to imagine Islam superseding or somehow incorporating into itself the other great world religions. Yet mankind needs a religious community which is charismatic, and Islam more than any other great religion has realized in actual life the idea of the charismatic community.

It is hard to make much of hopeful but incompatible sentiments of this kind. If the intention is to help westerners to a more sympathetic understanding of Islam, surely the careful scholarship of the first part of the book will win more sympathizers.

Mr. Abbott is much less ambitious, being content to tread an increasingly well-worn path, in the footsteps of Cantwell Smith, Ikram, Aziz Ahmad, and many others. *Islam and Pakistan*, which is perhaps rather misleadingly titled, traces the development of modernist Muslim thinking in the subcontinent from Shaikh Ahmad Sirhindi and Shah Waliullah down to Maududi and Parwez. The east is the same as in earlier books, no new characters (or insights) being introduced. Since the book is confessedly based entirely on English sources and translations, it is probably unreasonable to expect much novelty, although with the recent spate of books on this subject, there seems little need for such an unoriginal addition. The author draws frequent parallels with the development of Christianity at the time of the Reformation, which are occasionally illuminating, but sometimes lead him dangerously near determinism, as in the final sentence:

Pakistan has thus far produced few theologians to take their place among the modernists, but their appearance must soon be expected, unless the process of religious change has little in common among religions, or unless the idea of religion itself has no place in the modern world.

It is a strange development when the arrival of the Mujaddid is as eagerly awaited by orientalists as by Muslims themselves. Finally, a word about that orientalist's passion, dialectics and translation. *What is Islam?* is excellently produced in this respect and invites no pedantic quibbles. *Islam and Pakistan*, on the other hand, is much less carefully produced; for example, on page 99 'Abd al-Wahhab has his 'ah but not his second h, and more seriously on page xi the Arabic plural of *madrasah* (sic) is given as *madard*.

Readers of *Idries Shah* will know what to expect. *The Pleasuries of the Incredible Mulla Nasrudin* is a further instalment of the sayings of Mulla Nasrudin which supply endless amusement to the inhabitants of the Middle East, particularly Turkey and Persia. To criticize works of humour is almost impossible; you are either amused or not. We are assured by the editors that "the United States, the Soviet Union and Communist China are at the moment equally involved with Nasrudin, if with nothing else". The involvement can scarcely be deep. Against this world-wide enthusiasm must be set the nasty fact that *Punch* was not amused; and *Punch* is obscurely connected with Mr. Shah's *hite noire*, the "academic experts". Humour, however, is a very personal thing, and what sends one person into fits of laughter will only produce a wry smile in another. Perhaps the only legitimate criticisms that can be made here is by way of comparison. Thus it seems, fair to say that addicts of both Lewis Carroll and Edward Lear will find Mulla Nasrudin very little beer indeed. The Nasrudin stories all have a distinctive flavour, and random quotation can therefore give a fair impression of the whole. Here then is a specimen:

Nasrudin was riding along one day when his donkey took fright at something in its path and started to bolt. As he sped past them at an unconscious pace some countrymen called out:

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This is a fair example of the humour of Nasrudin and of the quality of the translation. If the reader finds the sample exciting, he will certainly enjoy the book. If not, he won't; and that is about all that can be said. *The Way of the Sufi* cannot be so lightly shrugged off. Mr. Idries Shah is now, so the blurb informs us, lecturing at the University of Sussex; and so, whether he likes it or not, his work will be judged in accordance with accepted academic standards. Mr. Shah is of course entitled to pick holes in the work of Nicholson and other western scholars of Sufism, but he might have paid more attention to such French scholars as Massignon and Carbin whose approach to the subject he might have found more akin to his own. It would, moreover, be nice if these wise men of the east who are so anxious to interpret their "psychology" (not "wisdom" for that) is not a popular word) for the benefit of the west, were to put something more authoritative in place of the standard western works on Sufism. This Mr. Shah has not done; nor, in fairness to him, has he set out to do so. His present book is simply an anthology of sayings of the Sufis from Al-Ghazali to the present time. These are useful enough in their unpretentious way, and enough entertaining material is included to make the Sufi diet more appetizing. An agreeable enough present for anyone who, though religious, finds the current orthodoxies unpalatable.

# Catholic history

FREDERICK HEYER: *The Catholic Church from 1648 to 1870*. Translated by D. W. D. Shaw. 255pp. A. and C. Black. £2.

*The Catholic Church from 1648 to 1870* is a learned—not to say ponderously Teutonic—book. Valuable as a work of reference, it is for the ordinary reader somewhat overloaded with the names of writers, and one could wish for a little more in the way of character sketches of those of whom one has to read. There is perhaps too much detail and too little perspective. Thus we begin with an explanation how the consequence of the Hundred Years' War of religion was not a victory either for Catholics or for Protestants but for the *politiques*, and how during the first period of this book the Catholic Church was much under the attack of the secular monarchies with their policies of Gallicanism and Josephinism, but we hear very little about the general revolt against the Christian religion among the French intellectuals at that time and we look in vain for any estimate how far the revolt against Roman authority was a revolt of those who repudiated all religion or merely of those who wanted to reform and purify it—how far perhaps, as in much of the Jansenist controversy, those who had the former purpose were making use of those who had the latter.

When we come to the nineteenth century, there is an admirable if somewhat abbreviated chapter on what Dr. Hoyer calls the "Catholic Church in the Anglo-Saxon World", but there is nothing about the general state of religion in England and nothing about the condition of the Church of England in the eighteenth century. Dr. Hoyer may, of course, argue that this was quite outside his terms of reference, and so, as such, it was not blasphemous, as for instance when de Quelen, the Archbishop of Paris said in a sermon at Notre Dame: "Jesus Christ was not only God's Son: He was also of very good family on His Mother's side." One wonders if in such an atmosphere there really was as strong an understanding of scholasticism in the Rome of the 1840s as Dr. Hoyer would have us believe or whether it was not rather, as Newman discovered, that they liked to garnish their propositions with tags from St. Thomas torn from their context.

It is commonly enough admitted that the Jesuits of the eighteenth century were not quite of the extraordinarily high level of their first Fathers of 200 years before, but one must wonder at the judgement that "Jesuit emphasis on the humanities held back the timely acceptance of new branches of scientific learning." What scientific learning did Jesuits impede? Nor, in view of his violent denunciation of the Idea of Development, can it well be said without qualification that Orestes Brownson was a convert of the Oxford Movement. Dr. Hoyer's estimate of the balance of victory and defeat which the Ultramontanes met with in the Vatican definition of 1870 is particularly valuable and just.

# Sufi sayings

IDRIES SHAH: *The Pleasuries of the Incredible Mulla Nasrudin*. 218pp. 35s. *The Way of the Sufi*. 288pp. 36s. Cape.

Readers of *Idries Shah* will know what to expect. *The Pleasuries of the Incredible Mulla Nasrudin* is a further instalment of the sayings of Mulla Nasrudin which supply endless amusement to the inhabitants of the Middle East, particularly Turkey and Persia. To criticize works of humour is almost impossible; you are either amused or not. We are assured by the editors that "the United States, the Soviet Union and Communist China are at the moment equally involved with Nasrudin, if with nothing else". The involvement can scarcely be deep. Against this world-wide enthusiasm must be set the nasty fact that *Punch* was not amused; and *Punch* is obscurely connected with Mr. Shah's *hite noire*, the "academic experts". Humour, however, is a very personal thing, and what sends one person into fits of laughter will only produce a wry smile in another. Perhaps the only legitimate criticisms that can be made here is by way of comparison. Thus it seems, fair to say that addicts of both Lewis Carroll and Edward Lear will find Mulla Nasrudin very little beer indeed. The Nasrudin stories all have a distinctive flavour, and random quotation can therefore give a fair impression of the whole. Here then is a specimen:

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By NORMAN  
BROMMELLE

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A "sinopia" (left) and fresco (right) by Parri Spinelli from the Pak 22: Comune, Anzzo. Both were removed by the "strappo" method in 1981. Sulphur fumes have been present in town air, but down possible. Before transfer the fresco must be cleaned.

The final retouching of lacunae after transfer is often a matter for controversy. Transferred frescoes may be fragmentary and the spaces in between have to be plastered up to the level of the existing intonaco. After this it is a question of how to colour the gaps so that they present the least distraction to the eye. In Tuscan practice, the bare patches are usually tinted in one of a range of neutral tones chosen to harmonize with the fresco, avoiding imitation but also avoiding the possibility that a gap might become an aesthetically distracting shape. In Rome similar principles are observed, though with a tendency to fill obtrusive gaps in places where there would be no doubt about the lost design, with a type of hatched retouching known as *tratteggio* intended to be visible as retouching at close quarters but merge into the general surround at a viewing distance. This practice is also followed in easel painting. Clearly, on the large scale of fresco and with the large areas of loss that often occur, the Tuscan method has much in its favour.

early eighteenth century. The processes are well known and regularly practised, though a major operation of this kind is less often needed than for frescoes. Fortunately the support itself is portable from the start, so that the problems of removal from a wall do not exist. The basic operation of *strappo*, i.e., of tearing the painting from its support, is not needed. In

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